

Poetry.
YEARNING.
Tell us, kind stars, with jeweled sandals pressing
The radiant splendour on Night's mystic floor,
Where are the dear ones that to our ear ringing
Respond to more?
We would not know where they might roam and find them
In that bright world where all the blossoms are,
Lost we should know, to be thus left behind them,
So lone and far.
We wait for them from the old accustomed places
With friendly, quiet memories entwined,
Where love has sanctified the faintest traces
They left behind.
We call them fondly when the "First Priest" awakens
His silver organ in the temple sky,
But to our ear, each answering choir brings
But this—good bye!
And when the lark so gaily, singeth ever,
Out through the golden gateway of the morn,
To their loved haunts we seek them, but they never
To us return.
Have we not seen the angel pinions gleaming
Across our pathways, heavenward and far,
Have we not caught the gleam of their bright out-trailing
Through gates ajar?
And did we hear the song of the immortals,
The while their lamps flashed back Heaven's glory hue,
And the strong words of wisdom as the portals
Wide open flew?
Do not soft eyes look down their shining vest
As we stand, voiceless, on the mystic floor,
And white hands stretched outward to assist us
Up the steep way?
In restless fancies we pace our narrow prison,
And what the caverned floor will blossom are,
Finger to finger where they before have risen,
From scene to scene.
We dare not stand too coldly on our sorrow,
Nor will we need Affliction's urgent quest,
And we must wait till God's sun-shining morn
Gives us, too, Rest.

ONE HOUR WITH THEM.
One hour with them? When earliest dawn
Dapples with gold the eastern grey,
His hand from slumber you find to rise,
The cold and frosty air, and you
New griefs which coming hours unfold,
And old remembrance's bitterest sighs.

One hour with them? When burning June
Permeates the red hot air of the day,
What shall you find the faithful wife,
Cool labor on the sunny plain,
Outdoors more than indoors, and the
Cool, fresh blood and throbbing brow?

One hour with them? When winter's chill
Has laid its icy hand on the snow,
The hoar-frost on the garden path,
The frost-bitten leaves on the tree,
The frost-bitten leaves on the tree,
The frost-bitten leaves on the tree.

One hour with them? When the sun
Is shining brightly on the sea,
The waves are breaking on the shore,
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REPUBLICAN

VOLUME 39. BELFAST, MAINE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1869. NUMBER 27.

"It was on the 21st of December, 1819, that I received a post letter, franked by Mr. Tubberville, one of the county members for Duxbury, for my Lord Millamant was always too generous with his franks and never had any to spare for himself.

"This letter was from his lordship, and, in his usual kind style, though to my very great surprise, told me that he and the countess were coming up to spend Christmas in London. All the time I had been in their service, then four years came that Christmas day, they had kept it at Cartfoll Hall.

"However, there was no mistaking my lord's directions. He always gave them himself, for his lordship, saving her memory, was one of the laziest creatures living, and never did anything much beyond lying on a sofa, and talking to her gray and green parrot. I was to have the carpets laid down, the furniture thoroughly dusted, all the beds well aired; for my lord was to bring company with him from Duxbury; and I was to get the plate from the bankers, and have it all well cleaned for a grand banquet my lord intended to give on Christmas morn.

"Enclosed in the letter was a slip of paper, containing an order to the bankers to deliver the plate to me, or to Mr. Beeswing, the butler; and which, as I can recollect, ran thus:—

CARTFOLL HALL, Dec. 19, 1819.
Messrs. Doubton and Moydoyr.—Please deliver the four boxes marked A, B, C, D, containing the plate let in your care, to Mrs. Beeswing, my servant, bearer of this.

Signed,
MILLAMANT.

"There was his lordship's signature, certainly; but somehow the name seemed written in a larger and more tremulous hand than usual; but still the remainder of the letter was like enough to him, and the cover bore the Cartfoll postmark.

"I showed it to Mr. Beeswing, who laughed, and said it was very likely that there had been merry doings at Cartfoll Hall, during the week, that my lord had taken of other bottle over night, and that his hand was rather shaky the next morning.

"And you may be sure," added Beeswing, "that his lordship punished the small beer, if he didn't have 'other bottle.'"

"The quality drank small beer then, the morning after. Soda water was invented, but was thought bad for the stomach, and wasn't at all the fashion.

"However, I wasn't quite satisfied. I dare say it's very nervous and silly of me, Beeswing, I said, but it behooves us all to be careful. I will take this letter to Wild Mr. Will. He knows my lord's hand well enough, and I shall see what he says to it."

"Now Wild Mr. Will, as my servants, many of whom had known him since he was a baby in long clothes, called him, was to the world in general no other than the Hon. William Cartfoll, my lord's younger brother.

"He was a dreadfully wild young man, Mr. Will. He was fond of wine and women, and dice, and all sorts of wickedness. He had been a captain in the horse guards, but had sold out. He had fought half a score of duels, and killed two or three people—rest their souls, and be merciful to his—but he was one of the merriest, best-tempered fellows you ever knew or saw.

"My lord was very fond of him, and had paid his debts and set him up again, and had not of number; but you can't do anything with Wild Mr. Will. He was always getting into scrapes; and when his lordship had got him out again, getting into new ones. People said he lived mostly now by playing at cards and dice, and that his carousings with the actresses at the play-house—the wicked, painted hussies!—were dreadful. I knew he had borrowed money of Beeswing, more than once, and had, at least, two-thirds of his sister-in-law's pin money every quarter; but still no one could help liking him, and he was almost adored by the servants.

"I took the letter to Wild Mr. Will at his lodgings in Great Ryder street, St. James'. He was drinking hook with a captain of dragoons and a low wretch of a fellow that got his living by prize-fighting, but he came out on the landing to speak to me. I showed him the letter, and hinted at my doubts.

"'Stuff and nonsense,' he cried, when he had read the letter twice and held it up to the light. 'It's Jack Cartfoll's fist for five hundred guineas. (My lord's name was John.) Newmarket to the knocker of Newgate that it's my brother's hand. No body makes blots like these, except the Earl of Millamant. Besides, don't you see that he spells 'sweet' 'sweep' without the 't'?' Jack never could spell. Trot you away to the banker's my worthy soul, and get the plate, and polish it all up, nice and bright, for you know how particular my Lord Millamant is, and what a pother there will be if the coronet does not come well out on the spoons and forks. There, get along with you, and there's a good fellow to drink my health. Stop—mind, for safety you lock the plate up in my lady's box."

"Of course, after William Cartfoll had given his opinion, hesitation was no longer to be thought of. Beeswing and I took a hackney coach to Fleet street, and the head cashier, when he ordered one of the porters to carry the four plate-chests to the carriage, said: 'My lord's handwriting was as plain as a pikestaff, and he should like to cash a check for ten thousand with such a Millamant signed to it.'

"He gave me—such a nice gentleman as he was, too—a glass to drink the health of the firm. Ah, how liberal people were forty years ago!

"We looked over the plate that evening, counted everything; found all in accordance with the list, and, with the assistance of the three housemaids, I had everything cleaned and polished up by supper time.

"The plate was all locked up again, and deposited, according to Mr. Will's instructions, in my lady's boudoir, which was at the end of a grand suite of apartments on the first floor. There was no door to this room, only heavy hangings to the doorway; but every window in the house was bolted and barred up.

"Still I felt uneasy with us all alone in the house, and towards ten o'clock, I slipped up, and going to our butcher, Mr. Chubbypop, in Mount street, Grosvenor square, I borrowed his well-known and fierce-looking bull-dog, Towler, from him, to keep guard in the house all night. One of the butcher's boys brought the dog, muzzled to our house, for he was dreadfully savage, and, just before we went to bed, Beeswing unmuzzled him and let him loose in the hall.

"I had dreadful dreams that night. I dreamed of a procession of men carrying coffins, one after the other, in a long procession, came at last; the youngest housemaid awoke me, and I came down to breakfast in the still room, when in came Mr. Beeswing, trembling all over, with a face as white as chalk.

"'For the Lord Almighty's sake come this way,' he cried.

"He led, or rather dragged me, to the boudoir on the first floor, and there I saw a sight I shall never to my dying day forget. The rich carpet was dabbled in blood, and on it there lay his length along the body of a man, stark, stiff and dead. His throat had been literally torn out by the dog, which crouched by his side, uttering a low growl now and then, and licking his lips.

"In one of the dead man's hands was a bunch of skeleton keys. One of the plate chests had been opened, and a portion of the contents were on the floor.

"The men-servants bent over the body to raise it, when there was a cry of horror and astonishment.

"'God forgive him, and us all!' we recognized the body of the Honorable William Cartfoll!

"It was discovered afterward that the letter from the country was a forgery, executed, probably, by the unfortunate and guilty man, who had died in this miserable manner. It was found that he had made his entry by a back door leading into the mews, of which he must have had a key, and creeping up a back staircase, had entered the boudoir by a side door he knew well, had been heard by the dog, and so perished.

"The story was hushed up, and it was reported and believed that young Mr. Will had gone abroad and died there."

PERSONAL LIBERTY—UNLAWFUL IMPRISONMENT.

During the war, the President and his subordinates incarcerated over one thousand persons in the most loathsome dungeons of the country. They imprisoned these men without authority of law and in violation of the Constitution. The victims have not been informed to this day of the reason why they were imprisoned. They were seized where the war was not raging, in those States where the courts of justice were fully organized and in the exercise of their powers, and where every crime could be punished by legal process of law, and where every crime, duly prosecuted and proved, would have been punished.

E. S. Schnabel was arrested in Litchfield county, in this State, and placed in Fort Lafayette, where he remained for months, sleeping alone side of old cannon swabs, slush, and other offensive articles. He had made a speech at Morris in favor of the Constitution, and Sheriff Wessels, who arrested him, informed us at the time that it was one of the best speeches he ever heard. He uttered no word against the government, its institutions, or the war. But he asked that the servants of the people should abide by the Constitution, which is the government. Without warrant, without law, and without justice, Schnabel was hurried off to the fort, as soon as he had finished his speech to the great crowd of people assembled to hear it. He was not informed of the offence for which he was imprisoned—and never could learn it. This was a blow at the life of the Republic, more deadly than the bayonets of the rebels.

Senator Wall, of New Jersey, was dragged from his breakfast table one morning by a file of soldiers and imprisoned. He had done nothing, said nothing, contemplated nothing inconsistent with the institutions of his country. Was he a traitor? Certainly not, but he was a patriot who loved his country, and venerated the principles of his government. Had he committed no crime; what was he arrested for? Neither he nor his friends, nor the public, have ever been permitted to know. Here was another blow at the "Nation's life," more deadly than the rebel's sword.

And the little hump-backed news boy, who sold papers that were sent to him from the news office, who knew nothing of their contents or of the subjects which they discussed—a harmless, innocent invalid, poor and struggling against physical infirmities for a bare subsistence—this helpless and friendless citizen, was seized and imprisoned. Had the man who wielded the sword here had one object in view, and that only to strangle the liberties of the people, in violation of every guarantee of the government, they could not have pursued a more effective course.

We allude to these cases, only three of a thousand similar ones—in which the parties arrested had committed no offence, no unlawful act, and were not informed of the reason of their imprisonment.

And the same arbitrary military power, unlawfully took possession of the World, and Journal of Commerce newspaper offices, and closed them, for the reason that they had published a bogus proclamation which was received late at night, by telegraph—the publishers of the papers never seeing it till it was printed, and themselves being deceived.

The "loyal" press condemn these outrages? These deadly assaults upon the liberties of the press and the rights of the citizens? O, no! They rather commended it all as something excellent.

But now when Mr. Bowles, of Springfield, is arrested by a legal process of the court, on a charge of libel, and the officers serving the writ very meanly consent to arrest him at night, when he could not for ten hours get bail, the same journals cry out against it, and declare that the liberty of the press is assailed, and personal rights can exist under such a state of things. [Hartford Times.

The Indianapolis Sentinel says that Miss Laura Reno, sister of the victims of the vigilance committee at Seymour, Ind., is a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, possessing also the larger part of the brains of the family, which united to an inflexible will and an intense desire for revenge will sooner or later bring ruin or death upon some of the murderers of her brothers, and that all of them will find that the oath of revenge she took over the dead body of Frank Reno was no mere empty threat, to be forgotten in an hour, but a promise of terrible meaning.

How Counterfeit Money is Made.

A contributor signing himself Engraver, communicates the following to the New York Sun:

Ed. N. Y. Sun: In your issue of Saturday, Dec. 11, I observed an article upon counterfeiting. As you do not appear to understand the true theory of the art, I shall endeavor to enlighten you and the public.

In the first place, a perfect *fac simile* of the bill cannot be engraved by hand, as the most of the parts are engraved by machinery called lathe work. So you see the impossibility of executing the work without its being immediately detected; that is, the lines on the figures and letters will not be the same as on the genuine. The genuine plates are engraved by the best workmen in the country, and with every facility for making a very neat engraving. On the other hand, the counterfeiters, not having such facilities, they make a bungling job. No doubt you will be surprised to learn the way the best counterfeit bills are gotten up. A party of men, say from three to a dozen, get together and hold frequent meetings, and act according to a plan laid down. One or two will find out some copper-plate printer in the employ of the bank note printing office—in fact, all such printers are known by the party. These men will manage to meet one of the printers in the evening, get acquainted, drink, and have a good time generally with him, and so proceed for a few evenings. Then they offer him from \$50 to \$150 to procure a certain kind of impression. This impression is made in this wise: The printer will take an impression upon tin foil from the plate from which he is printing, which can be done in a moment. Thus you see every line and size is obtained correctly. From this tin foil an electotype plate is made. They then get some plate printer that can be found about the city, have a good time with him, and engage him for \$20 per day to do the printing. By this plan thousands of copies are struck off which defy detection, except in the quality of the paper, which will slightly differ from the genuine. The place of manufactory is generally some distance from the city, like State Island, Flatbush, or sometimes Baxter street, or similar localities in the city. It is a strange fact in every case where parties of this kind exist, that every member lacks confidence in his associates. Every move made by one is narrowly watched by the others of the party. It would be death to any general or spy that did not look well to himself.

This I send you for information so as to let you know how some things are accomplished. If you think it is worth while to give these facts to the public you are welcome.

BEHIND THE SCENES. A large number of young persons, females as well as males, arrive daily in the city, seeking employment. A great many are attracted by the glare of the city, with the expectation that employment and money are to be had for the asking. Yet there is no place on the continent that is so over-crowded, where it is so difficult to get an honest employment and remunerative pay. Young women are employed in great numbers in stores, factories and kindred places. The slavery and drudgery to which they are subjected, if known beforehand, would keep the stoutest heart away from New York. Some of the large retail stores employ scarcely any clerks but young ladies. They are well dressed. This is demanded. They seem to have a cheerful, easy time, with good wages and little to do. But it is a serfdom that has few equals. An iron rule runs through such establishments. Parties must be at the store at a given minute, have just so many minutes for lunch, and are fined for every little mistake or neglect. If goods are stolen from a special department, or damaged in the slightest degree, or missed, or misdirected, the young lady in charge of the department has to pay the full retail value of the article. There can be no sitting down during business hours. Over these departments a woman presides to see that the laws are kept, because no man would be hard-hearted enough to enforce the rules. Women make shirts and clothes at starvation prices, and getting into the whirlpool of the city, must stop or starve. Theatres and concert saloons, where ballet girls and singers are wanted, are particularly attractive to females out of employment. Besides the peculiar temptations of such a life which are inseparable to it, the wages are hardly above that of a ditcher, while the toil that turns night into day exceeds that of any working woman on a New England farm. Such spend all their earnings, are ill paid, die early, and are indebted to friends for a coffin and a shroud. A young man or a young woman had better stick to their native hills, dig, delve, drudge, if it need be, than attempt the bad, ill paid, hard to get and insufficient employment of New York. Thousands of young persons to-day are in our midst with nothing to do and no money. [N. Y. paper.

Some very frightful exhibits of the condition of liquor in New York is made in a recent report to the Board of Excise. Out of thirty-two samples purporting to be Bourbon, brandy and gin, only three or four are reported to be fair, and the rest are inferior, bad and very bad. Against the first sample marked "bad" we find the note, "flavor like vinegar and rancid lamp oil." Another is "flavored with wintergreen, thirty per cent below proof." The remainder are commented upon as "vile stuff," "flavor of pine shavings," "forty per cent below proof," "diluted with tea," "a poor rum flavored with wintergreen," etc., etc. Fusel oil was discovered in greater or less quantities in all the samples but four.

Snow Eyes. Ellis, in speaking of the Esquimaux, says: "Their snow eyes, as they very properly call them, are a proof of their sagacity. These are little pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, formed to cover the eyes, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eye, but very narrow. This invention preserves the eyes from snowblindness, a very painful and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light reflected from the snow. The use of these eyes considerably strengthens the sight, and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that when they have a mind to view distant objects, they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses.

Spiritualism and the Will of a Person Deceased.

A Bath correspondent of the Lewiston Journal gives the following account of a recent trial in the former city, for testing the validity of a will made by spiritual direction—

The long case of Marianna Robinson, appellant from decree of Judge of Probate vs. Adams et als, executors, came to an end just in season for court, jury and counsel to enjoy Christmas at home. The case properly has excited more interest here than any one since that of the Bowdoin Bank robbers. It grew out of an effort on the part of an only daughter to set aside the will of her mother, allowing her, during the last years of her life, to give to the daughter, \$500 a year, and the same to her children after her. The appellant, herself an only daughter, has an only daughter some 10 years of age. The estate was some \$15,000 or \$20,000, and in a certain contingency is to go to collateral heirs. The estate was tied up with the avowed purpose of keeping it entirely out of the hands of the daughter's husband, against whom the mother had imbibed feelings of dislike.

The appellant sought to set aside the will on the grounds, 1st improper influence of a brother; 2d, that the will was supposed to be dictated by the spirit of a deceased husband; 3d, that spiritualism had become an insane delusion, and 4th, that the testator was under an insane delusion in regard to character of Mr. Robinson.

These points were all presented with a great deal of energy and ability by Mr. Gould of Thomaston, in behalf of appellant. He dwelt most upon the point that spiritualism had become with her an insane delusion.

Mr. Gilbert, in behalf of executors, contended that the documentary evidence of previous wills showed that she entertained the same purpose to exclude Robinson from any possible benefits of her property before she embraced spiritualism. That but slight changes were made in her last will after she embraced spiritualism, and those principally in the same direction—more stringent against Robinson; that she consulted her deceased husband in reference to her will after she had made it and not before; that Robinson had been unkind to testatrix and that her feelings toward him were well grounded and not delusion.

Kent J. instructed the jury, that as a general rule a man out of debt may sell his property or give it away, so in prospect of death he may dispose of it by will; there is no law to compel one person to like another. A testator must be of sound mind, not necessarily of a high intellect. Insanity avoids a will, that insanity which breaks down all the powers of the mind or an insane delusion.

What is an insane delusion—not a mere mistake of fact? A delusion is a diseased state of the mind which believes things that do not exist, with persuasion so fixed that neither evidence nor argument can convince to the contrary. What is not reasoned upon cannot be reasoned down. For instance, a man believes he is made of glass, and takes good care not to break his legs. Here is delusion in the fact and not in the reasoning powers.

Again, delusion in the reasoning. A man believes as a fact in the second coming of Christ, and he is not a delusory; by dwelling upon it he believes that he is Christ and has come claiming to be Christ. Here the reasoning is at fault. Speculative beliefs in Theology which we may consider unreasonable or absurd, are not insane delusions.

Eccentricity is not insanity. Eccentric people are conscious of the queer things they say and do.

A person about to make a will may take advice. The influence to be undue so as to avoid a will must be such and so exercised as in effect to destroy the freedom of the testator's will so as to render his act more the offspring of another's will than his own.

This same rule applies whether the influence is exerted by personal presence or by a letter from a distance, and the rule is the same whether the letter comes from a husband in an absent country or what is the same thing if she believes she receives a communication from the spirit world; if she yields her own will, judgement and free agency it would not be her will; if she did not abandon them to the supposed wishes of her husband but received it as advice, then it would be her own will. The same rule applies to spiritual communications, on this point, if believed, as to advice from a living person.

The jury by their verdict after being out all night sustained the will. Case goes to law Court on motion to set aside as against evidence.

Adams & Gilbert for the will. Talman & Gould for applt.

SUICIDE OF A DOG. A remarkable instance of self-destruction by a dog occurred at Rocky Neck, on Friday last week. Messrs. Fodd, Tarr & Co., had a favorite dog, who for some time past has been quite infirm from old age, and has been allowed to lie around the store, as they did not feel willing to have him killed. On the day in question, some one observing his feeble condition, remarked in a loud tone: "That dog ought to be killed; he is not good for anything!" The animal looked mournfully up into the speaker's face, then taking a wistful gaze around the store, and at those present, deliberately walked out of the door down to the railway, where he plunged into the water and was drowned. We published, some time since, a similar case which occurred in Rockport, where the dog went down to the beach, and lying down, suffered the tide to come over him until he was dead. It is said that dogs are governed by instinct. Do not the cases above alluded to denote that some of them, at least, possess something stronger than that, and near akin to reason? [Cape Ann Advertiser.

The Dexter Gazette says that Dexter is a manufacturing village of from 2500 to 3000 inhabitants, situated about midway between the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers. It has five religious societies, with settled pastors; four churches (meeting houses) and a fifth to be erected the coming season; six graded schools; two academies; thirty-four stores; a large number of mechanic shops; five physicians; three dentists; three lawyers; a savings bank; a circulating library and an association library; A Masonic Lodge and Chapter; a lodge of Good Templars, and other benevolent and charitable associations connected with the different religious societies.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

With devout gratitude to the Merciful Disposer of all destinies, and invoking His blessing on our humble endeavors, we meet to dedicate ourselves with the New Year to the service of the State. It is not merely to repair the wastes of war, but to provide for a new career of prosperity that she now demands our care. With astonishing courage she is doing in these doubtful and difficult times the works from which she shrank in the days of her improvidence. Though late, she now perceives her true position; and she is now on the field where her proudest triumphs shall be won. It is to us to join and guide as best we can in this awakening, to relieve her burdens we cannot move.

As a sufferer with the Country,

